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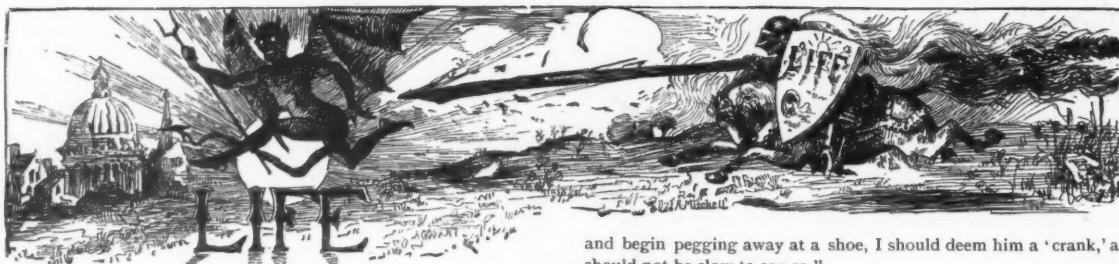


BAD LUCK.

Sally: WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED?

Mr. W. (fishing): I AM SO UGLY NO ONE WILL HAVE ME.

Sally: WOULDN'T SOME ONE AS UGLY AS YOU ARE HAVE YOU?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 15, 1887. No. 246.

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REPROOF seems to be wasted on Mr. Howells. No one will deny that LIFE has labored faithfully to disabuse his mind of all the fallacies it has harbored. When he tried to dwarf the art of Thackeray by using Henry James as a unit of measure, LIFE fell upon him, and it has dropped on him at regular intervals ever since, and always for an excellent reason.

His latest delusion is about Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, whom he calls "the incomparable," and declares that "no novelist of any time or any tongue can fairly be compared with him, as no dramatist can fairly be compared with Shakespeare."

Now, since it is the world's judgment that Shakespeare knocks the buckskins off of all the other playwrights, we must understand Mr. Howells to mean that Tolstoi loosens the socks of all the story-tellers.

MR. HOWELLS'S excessive laudation has certainly had the effect of advertising Tolstoi, and compelling people to read his books. Justice will be done the Russian novelist, and justice will also be done to Mr. Howells as a critic. People want to know what there is in Tolstoi to make any discerning person place him above Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne and Balzac. Public opinion in the matter already begins to find expression. A literary Hoosier, named Maurice Thompson, writes from Indiana to a Boston literary paper to express his dissent from Mr. Howells's verdict.

"In Indiana," he says, "if I should go to the home of a man whose estate is worth some hundreds of thousands, and should find that he had sent his daughter into the cornfield to plough beside his field hands, and this rich man should meet me at the door clad like a hermit, should sit down with me and expound to me his doctrine of absolute non-resistance to evil, going to the extent even of saying that a man ought not to defend his wife or his daughter from the brutality of the vilest ruffian and under the worst stress of human danger; and if then, to clasp the climax, this rich man should presently say to me, 'Well, I must get to work,' and should fetch out a shoemaker's kit

and begin pegging away at a shoe, I should deem him a 'crank,' and should not be slow to say so."

Mr. Thompson thinks that a "crank" is a "crank," whether he lives in Indiana or in Russia. He does not believe that the doctrines he preaches are Christian.

"All this hacking at wealth," he says, "and all this apostrophizing of poverty is not in the spirit of Christ; it is in the spirit of communism, socialism and anarchy, under whose heels all Christianity would be ground into powder. I believe in realism, I believe in truth in art; but all this conscious posing of so-called realism in front of itself as before a looking-glass is a bit too realistic for a modest person."

There are people in Boston, and literary people too, who hail this frank-spoken Hoosier's utterance as the voice of one coming to deliver them from the bondage of *Harper's Monthly* and its critic.

IF Mr. Howells believes in non-resistance himself, and regards Tolstoi as a great man who is resuscitating a mighty truth and setting it before the world, his admiration is comprehensible. But we don't believe he does. He is passing the summer in comfort by the shores of Lake George, and we haven't heard that he has so much as offered to provide food and shelter for Henry George.

LIFE thinks it sees a certain likeness between Tolstoi and Howells. Tolstoi has an idea of what life ought to be. The rest of the world—broadly speaking—disagrees with him, and we call him a "crank." Mr. Howells has an idea of what a novel ought to be. The rest of the world seems to disagree with him also, on this subject, and so far as the subject goes we might as well call him a "crank" too. In spite of his present theories of non-resistance and communism, Tolstoi has been able to write some remarkable books; and Mr. Howells, in spite of his infatuation, has made some very delightful reading.

Let us, then, guard our rules of behavior from being upset by Tolstoi's religious doctrines, and stick to our literary convictions in spite of Mr. Howells's preferences.

"Cranks" have their uses. The world would stagnate without them. It would be hard to find two "cranks" anywhere who divert the intellects of their contemporaries more successfully than Mr. Howells and his idol. Let us be grateful to them, but not disappointed in ourselves if we fail to follow them to their conclusions.

THERE are more Indian troubles. This is why:— There was a horse-race; white men bet on a horse, lost, and wouldn't pay. Indians seize the horse. The attempt is made to arrest a chief, and fighting follows. The sympathy of this journal is with the Utes.

THE GENESIS OF POLITICS.

POLITICS began when Joseph was sold out by his brethren.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Politics originated long before that. Has our esteemed Southern contemporary never heard how they were all paired in the Ark?—*New York World.*

Earlier even than that. Politics began with the appearance of a third party in Eden.—*New York Sun.*

All wrong. Politics didn't begin until Balaam's time, when the ass spoke. Ohio politics seem to be directly traceable to this event.

GOVERNMENT REWARDS TO LITERARY MEN.

LIFE is a firm believer in the theory that the United States Government should do something to pension the workers in literary fields. This being so, we would call Mr. Cleveland's attention to the fact that in case Mr. Endicott resigns his portfolio, the best man in literary circles for the Secretaryship of War is the Editor of the *Century Magazine*. We will add that this suggestion is entirely voluntary on our part, and has not been inspired by any emissary of our esteemed monthly contemporary.

A SLIGHT CHANGE.

MR. GEORGE'S theory of what man should own may be summed up thus: Three acres, a cow.

In Ohio the slogan is somewhat changed. It runs: Foraker's a jackass. "TOM HATES SNOBS." "SO DOES MY HUSBAND. MEN ARE SO QUEER."



ASTONISHING.

SEPTEMBER SQUIBS.

THAT we are all of us sovereigns in our own right seems to be proved by the frequency of plots for wrecking the railroad trains in which we travel. The Czar of Russia does not enjoy any greater privilege in this respect than the average American.

IN all the books in the Bible only one of them is a specimen of Job-printing.

IT would seem to be perfectly in character that the big elephant which escaped from a circus in Ontario should have chosen to travel along the Grand Trunk Railroad track. He probably mistook the Grand Trunk for a member of his family.

THE latest novelty promised in theatrical advertising is to be a petrified district messenger boy who was turned into a stone during the ages that elapsed between his departure from the Grand Central Depot and his arrival at City Hall Square.

THE Spaniards are all miserable Señors.

INTERFERED WITH THE GAME.

PAT (after watching a game of tennis for ten minutes): Oi say, Misther de Sappy, av yez 'ud take down that fish-net in the centhur yez 'ud play the game better, that ye wud.

TO KATYDIDS.

O KATYDIDS, are you at work
Upon a lengthy riddle?
Is it a fairy bow you jerk
Across a fairy fiddle;
Or did you sometime find yourselves
Bewildered by a rebus—
Which only can be solved by elves
Who shun the face of Phœbus?

If it's a riddle, let me know
Just how the gnomes express it;
I think that I perhaps may show
Some one of you to guess it:
If it's a rebus which you try
To find as you revolve it,
Just hand it in to me, and I
Will do my best to solve it.

And if you all the fiddle play
For fairies, I beseech you
Come round and visit me some day
And I will try to teach you.
I'll play upon the violin,
Solve riddles any number,
Provided you'll stop breaking in
Upon my search for slumber.

O Katydids, both pro and con,
This interesting question
Is making serious inroad on
My nerves and my digestion;
And, Mr. Katy, my advice
In cases such as this, is
To hold your tongue; it isn't nice
To keep on sassing Mrs.

Idle Idyller.



HE SPOILED ALL.

THE Saratoga season's spoiled,
The Long Branch boom is ditto,
Fair Lenox and Bar Harbor
The "ten" no longer flit to.
Old Point is quite a fizzle,
Coney's Isle is in a fluke,
The season's spoiled for everyone,
For Newport has the Juke.

THEY sometimes call him the Duke of Snarlborough at home, he is in so many of them.

ELECTRICITY is a very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it.

GAMBLERS are said to frequent ocean steamers because gulls are very thick at sea.

RECENT Newport events go very far to show that a man need not have a savory reputation so long as he is a Duke.

THE Englishman's liking for the Turk is not surprising. They all worship the prophet with slight differences in orthography.

THE man who wrote the song "Cottage Dear," was probably thinking of the rent of a Queen Anne Cottage at Newport, when he penned the lines

THE odor from Hunter's Point has so increased this summer that it is no longer referred to as a scent. It is a double eagle redeemable at par.

"THERE has got to be liquidation before we can have activity and an upward movement," said a prominent Wall Street man the other day.

It appears to us that liquidation is what most of our large corporations suffer from. Western Union Telegraph Company for instance. As for the upward movement, we think there has been a decided tendency in that direction of late.

NO, George, the Nave in Westminster Abbey is not one of the British Aisles.

THE Prohibitionists may be very consistent, but we predict that there will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth when they meet their Waterloo this Fall.

THE sign in the British Museum which says, "No Gratuities Allowed," must not be misconstrued. It means that gratuities must be given on the quiet.

IF Canada seizes our vessels for fishing in her waters, why can we not retaliate by seizing Englishmen who come over and fish in American society waters for rich wives?

AN upholsterer who was hired to renovate the Bulgarian throne, has discovered a bayonet in the seat of it. This possibly accounts for the discomfort of the present incumbent.

MR. BLAINE is cultivating the Prince of Wales. Perhaps the astute politician foresees a revolution in England which may ultimately bring Albert Edward to the United States as a voter.

MR. E. P. ROE has written a new book called "The Earth Trembled."

We opine that the Earth will drop if Mr. Roe does not stop loading it up with literature.

WHAT a queer mass of consistency is Henry George. Last fall he was the avowed candidate of poverty against wealth. This fall he and excommunicated McGlynn are anti-poverty from their hearts.

This beats Ben Butler in his palmiest days.

THE CLOTHES AND THE MAN.



WINTER.



SUMMER.

A NEWSPAPER man says that the house now occupied by Mrs. Hendricks is a two-story brick.

This seems to us to be an exceptionally large brick. It must have been quite a job to scoop it out so that Mrs. Hendricks could live in it.

A SMALL boy of our acquaintance is positive that the green apple was the forbidden fruit on Eden's tree of knowledge, because one day he was what *cholera morbus* was like, and after eating a green apple he knew all about it.



A DIME'S WORTH.

She: LET US FLY THIS PLACE, MAC-IVOR; WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THE RELENTLESS RED-EYED-RODNEY, WHO IS EVEN NOW GAZING ON US!

He: WHAT HAS THE WHITE LILY OF BAXTER STREET TO FEAR? AM NOT I HERE?

A FRIEND OF THE RAILROADS.

“THIS talk about railroad extortion is all bosh,” said Jaehne to Ferdinand Ward, as he scraped the bottom of the prison soup-dish; “don’t you think a passage to Montreal, even in an emigrant car, would be pretty cheap at \$100?”

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

FOR the last time this season we make an appeal in behalf of the poor children. The Managers of the Fresh Air Fund write us that the summer’s work will close this week, although the subscription list will remain open for such late comers as are willing to lay the foundations now of good work to be done next summer. LIFE has had the pleasure of being instrumental in providing for the outing of over more than two hundred and fifty children, and is disposed to congratulate itself on its success and its readers for their generosity. But why stop at \$758? The goal of the Fresh Air Fund Editor is a round thousand, and he reports that he still has hopes that when the last cent has been turned over to the managers at headquarters, he will hold their receipt for one thousand dollars.

The early bird catches the worm, and the punctual subscription adds one more little one to the last excursion dispatched to pastures new.

We acknowledge the following contributions:

Previously Acknowledged	\$691.00
E. L. B.	15.00
“Katherine and Dorothy”	15.00
Amy Louise	3.00
B. E.	4.00
Victor	3.00
E. I. C.	3.00
H. R. L.	5.00
S. R. I.	5.00
Kay	3.00
J. R. V.	3.00
Ingleside	5.00
J. L. S.	3.00
	\$758.00

The attention of those who write for LIFE is called to the fact that contributions to the Fresh Air Fund are never rejected.

A GREAT SHAME.

AT the five hundredth performance of *Erminie* some crank, frightened at the sound of passing engines, cried out “fire!” “In an instant,” say the papers, “the audience were in a panic; fortunately no one was hurt.”

Why fortunately? Would it not have been the greatest good fortune if the idiot who cried “fire!” had been stepped on and hurt beyond recognition?



ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

Cook: SHURE, MUM, ZULU'S JUST AFTHER BITIN' TH' LIG OFF AV THE BUTCHER BYE!

Mistress: DEAR, DEAR! HOW DREADFULLY ANNOYING. I DO HOPE HE WAS A CLEAN BOY, MARY?



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FOR that gentle, lovable man of genius, who came across the sea the other day and is now resting for a little while among us, Americans have a welcome, deeper and more heartfelt than the noisy and obtrusive greetings which have been forced upon so many distinguished or notorious Britons. The author of "Prince Otto" and "A Child's Garden of Verses" could not be a stranger in any country where delicate feeling and beautiful fancy are cherished; least of all here, among kinsmen who gave him his earliest and warmest recognition. He should know that there are many of us who have, for the man who wrote the idyl of "Will o' the Mill," a feeling of strong affection akin to that so long reserved for the exquisite genius which produced "The Gentle Boy" and "The Great Stone Face." The Puritanism which projected a sombre background for Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is of a kind with the Scotch Calvinism which permeates the weighty moral allegory of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The austere creeds from which Hawthorne and Stevenson are intellectually free penetrate their imaginations and give them a deep moral significance. This is the foundation of the strong kinship between these two romancers.

AS though to make his welcome even warmer Mr. Stevenson sent a few days ahead a new volume of verses entitled "Underwoods" (Scribners). The inspiration of them all is love of friends, and home, and fatherland—fine old Scotch virtues which are not without appreciation here. The little book is full of hearty tributes to those who love the singer and who have brightened hours of sickness or made merrier hours of health. There is never a note in these which is insincere; they are honest greetings to be spoken face to face, as becomes a Scotchman. And what can be finer than his frequent tributes to his father and his sires—four generations of lighthouse builders "who early and late in the windy ocean toiled to plant a star for seamen!"

"These are thy works, O father, these thy crown;
Whether on high the air be pure, they shine
Along the yellowing sunset, and all night
Among the unnumbered stars of God they shine;
Or whether fogs arise and far and wide
The low sea-level drown—each finds a tongue
And all night long the tolling bell resounds."

* * *

INDEPENDENT of these qualities which appeal to the heart there are others which are the very essence of poetry—clear vision, graceful fancy, flute-like melody and gentle emotion. His verse has a compact, crystalline quality springing from the abundant use of monosyllables. And yet these short, hard Saxon words are woven into lines almost as melodious as the Latin-burdened phrases of Keats! If one cares to analyze it he will find that the melody of these verses is born of broad Scotch vowel-sounds mingled skillfully with liquid consonants:

"Here all is sunny, and when the ~~traut~~ gull
Skims the green level of the lawn, his wing
Dispetals roses."

Every word in these lines adds something valuable to the color, form or motion of the imagery. Not a syllable seems to have been used for the sake of sound or rhythm alone, yet these could not be better. Here is poetic art in which the machinery is subordinated, but never jars.

However, this poetry is not to be analyzed but enjoyed. It is like the odor of the woods after a midsummer rain; like the music of falling water heard from afar; like a moor of Scotch heather seen "'twixt the gloamin' an' the murk." True, it is not great and masterful, but it is filled with the spirit of beauty. It is unpretentious, modest, genuine. Perhaps Shelley would not have disowned lines like these. "written during a dangerous illness:"

"I sit and wait a pair of oars
By cis-Elysian river-shores.
Where the immortal dead have sate
'Tis mine to sit and meditate;
To reascend life's rivulet,
Without remorse, without regret;
And sing my *Alma Genetrix*
Among the willows of the Styx."

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

THE SUMMER BOARDER. Puck's Library, No. 2. New York: Keppler & Schwarzman.

Bellona's Husband. By Hudor Genone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Culture's Garland. By Eugene Field. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Brother Against Brother. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By John R. Musick. Fireside Series. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

Underwoods. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Whist Universal. An Analysis of the Game as improved by the Introduction of American Leads. By G. W. P. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

"CAN you help me to a trifle, sir," he said to a Chicago citizen on State Street; "I'm a poor man with a wife and 'leven children, and—"

"Nothing—nothing," responded the citizen, brusquely, hurrying on—

"An' I'm trying to raise money enough to obtain a divorce."

"Oh," said the citizen, stopping short, "there's a dollar for you."



PLEASANTLY PUT.

Mrs. Newly Rich (leaving a small tea given by a woman of social rank but not superabundant means): GOOD BYE, MY DEAR MRS. BLANK. I HAVE ENJOYED MYSELF GREATLY. WHAT AN UNEQUALED FACULTY YOU HAVE OF MAKING A LITTLE GO A GREAT WAY.

SOME FINE PROPERTY.

STRANGER (*to Kansas City citizen*): Those three corner lots of yours are fine property, captain.

CITIZEN (*enthusiastically*): Fine property? Why, great scott, man, there ain't nothing like 'em west of the Illinoy River! Two year from now they'll be in the heart of the city, an' people will fairly howl for 'em. They ought to come under the head of jewelry, not real estate. If you want to buy that property, stranger, you've got to buy it by the inch.

STRANGER: I'm not buying property this morning. I'm the new tax assessor.

The citizen falls in a fit.

THE HEATED TERM.

A PASSENGER who had observed to the street-car conductor that it was d—d hot, suddenly turned and discovered a lady within hearing.

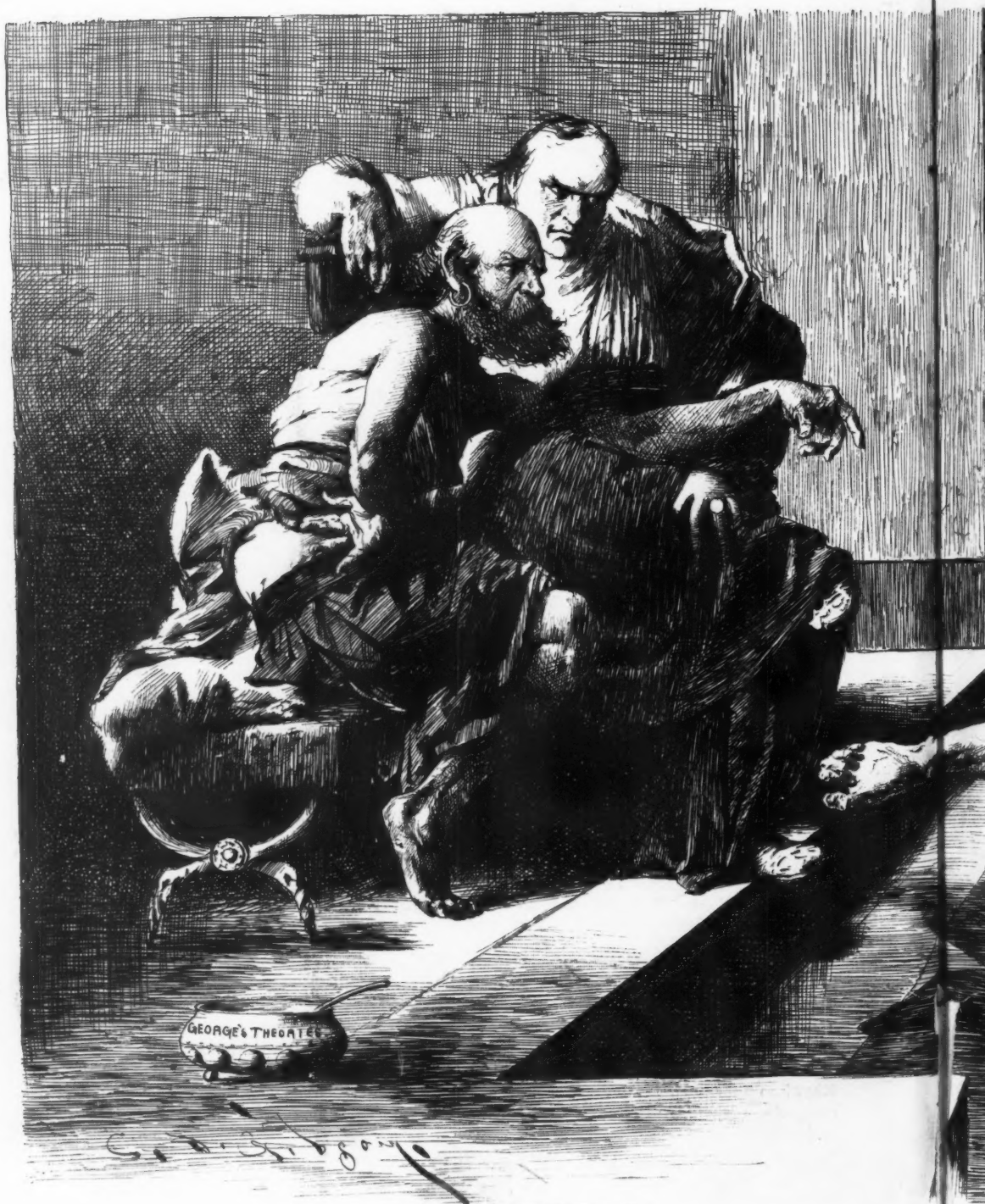
"I beg your pardon, Madam," he said, contritely.

"Oh, you needn't, sir," responded Madam, fanning herself vigorously, "it's very much warmer than that."

A RARE DAY.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: Any surprising news down the road this morning, Robert?

SECRETARY: Yes, indeed, sir! Not a single train wrecked!

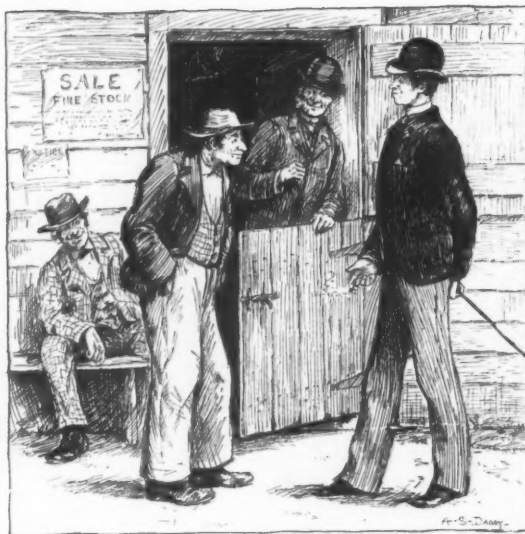


GEORGIUS AND PATER McGLYN

• LIFE •



R McYNN TRYING A NEW POISON.



Old Resident: HELLO, FRANK! WHY WEREN'T YOU AT MR. BROWN'S FUNERAL?

Frank (lately blown village swell): I DID NOT KNOW BROWN, AT LEAST VEWY SLIGHTLY, AND ANYWAY I HAVE NO TIME FOR FUNERALS; DON'T BELIEVE I'D HAVE TIME TO GO TO MY OWN.

Old Resident: AND EF YOU DO BY THET TIME YE'LL BE SO STIFF YE WON'T KNOW ONNY BODY.

SIC VOLGÈRE PARCAS.

WITHOUT a sentimental mind,
I yet had passionately pined
To turn the leaves of life's romance,
Meet lingering lips, give glance for glance,
To hold within my heart enshrined
Her image—I had not divined
That Phyllis fair could be unkind,
Could show a favoring countenance
Without assent.

I tempted fate, for love is blind,
When stocks and Phyllis both declined;
I went to work, she went to France,
And now undone by sad mischance
I'm forced to face the horrid grind

Without a cent. *Anna M. Pratt.*

HOW THEY SPENT LABOR DAY.

AS Monday, September 5th, witnessed the inauguration of a new holiday, LIFE has compiled, at great expense, the following souvenirs of the occasion:

JAY GOULD.

As the law compelled the banks to close, there was very little for me to do but to subside into innocuous desuetude on Labor Day. I remained at home at Tarrytown, and calculated how much wealth a succession of holidays would thrust upon me. I estimate that absence from the "Street" on Monday added \$300,000 to my sinking fund, to say nothing of what I might have dropped in monkeying with B. & O. I think Labor Day, at \$300,000, is a very cheap, pleasant affair. Long may it wave!

HENRY GEORGE.

McGlynn and I found a much needed rest on Labor Day. We gathered together the profits of our new crusade, and sought a quiet spot in Jersey to count the shekels. Labor Day is as great a success as the Anti-Poverty Club.

NAPOLÉON IVES.

I spent Labor Day in my library. If there is one thing that delights my soul it is fixing up my books, and as my esteemed friend ex-Judge Davis, like the true bibliophile that he is, expressed a desire to inspect my rarities, I took the opportunity of my enforced leisure to put them in suitable shape. I find that some of my friends have borrowed one or two of the volumes in which the Judge is especially interested, a fact which I greatly regret, as his honor has all the quips and cranks of the confirmed bibliomaniac, and if what he sees doesn't happen to strike him as right, he makes disagreeable remarks, and casts doubt on the genuineness of the whole collection.

MAYOR HEWITT.

I stayed at home on Labor Day, writing letters all the morning and dictating my correspondence in the afternoon. In the evening I dropped a few lines on various subjects to various people who have written to me at various times. Labor Day was a red-letter day for me.

JACOB SHARP.

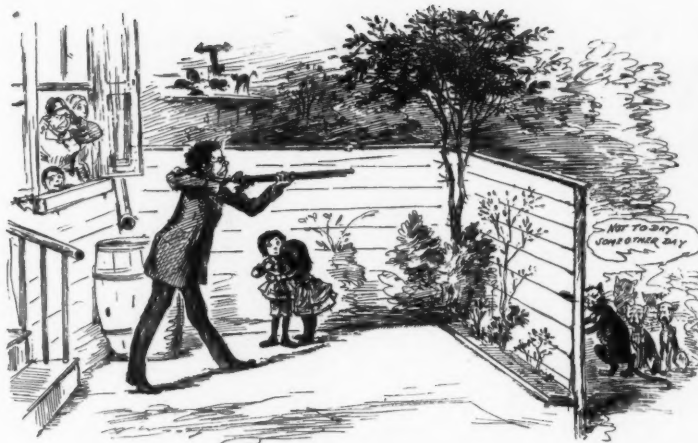
I passed Labor Day in retirement. Martine expected to have me at Sing-Sing, but I haven't felt able to go out for some weeks, and as Judge Potter kindly invited me to stay here in Ludlow Street, I concluded to take advantage of my opportunities and pass the day in seclusion. Next year I may do as Martine wishes.

FERDINAND WARD.

I gave a dinner to the ex-aldermen on Labor Day. The laundry was not working, and they all accepted my hospitality. I opened a dozen bottles of water in honor of the occasion, and we all drank the health of our legal friends in New York. The menu was very choice, although largely composed of breadstuffs. Mr. Jaehne made a good speech in response to the Law, and Judge Barrett was heartily toasted by all present. A toast to the absent ones was offered, and Mr. O'Neil paid a glowing tribute to Jacob Sharp, from whom he had received many evidences of friendly regard. The festivities closed with the national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," which was sung with a greater show of emotion than ex-aldermen or Young Napoleons of Finance are usually thought capable of.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The idea of Labor Day originated, I fancy, among what you Americans call strikers, who wanted to devote one twenty-four hours in the year to work. My day was passed at Newport, the chief watering-place in Massachusetts, and much affected by the noble families of America. I met several well-known noblemen there. Lord Sullivan, of Boston, among others, I found to be a very cultured gentleman, a devotee at the shrine of my old friend the Marquis of Queensberry. It was a pleasure to meet a gentleman so distinguished as Lord Sullivan, and so different to the average American citizen, who, I must confess, bores me with his conversations about trade, politics and literature. Lord Sullivan is a man after my own heart, and it is impossible to converse with him five minutes without learning something. It was gratifying to me to learn that I am very well known in this country, and that so many moneyed gentlemen consider it a distinguished honor to have me smile upon their daughters. My moral feelings were considerably shocked at the way the ladies dress at the Casino hops, and the bathing costumes to be seen on the beach brought the blush to my cheeks. Nevertheless, I shall always look back on Labor Day as one of the pleasantest holidays of a life of leisure.



SMITHERS (WHO HATES CATS) HAS TAKEN HIS POSITION AND IS ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR HIS GAME TO RISE. BUT, JUDGING FROM THEIR REFRAIN, WE DOUBT OF HIS SUCCESS.

TRUE GREATNESS.

"I CAN tell you," said Mr. Spriggins, the American boy has in him the elements of true greatness. Here Garfield began life on the tow-path and reached the presidency; Logan was a poor farmer lad and died United States Senator; and I see here in this paper, the story of a poor lad who educated himself, living on sixteen cents a day, until he knew enough to enter college. Then he took care of a horse to pay his expenses, and now—"

"What is he now, papa?" asked a chorus of Sprigginses with breathless interest.

"Now he is one of the best baseball pitchers in the country."

THE man who indulges in too many puts and calls is apt to put out of the back-door when the sheriff calls at the front.

GOVERNOR HILL.

Labor Day was indeed labor day with me. I spent the greater part of it preparing vetoes in anticipation of bills which I understand are to be brought forward at the coming session providing for Leisure Day, Loafers' Day, Millionaires' Day, Farmers' Day and Heelers' Day. These have every one been suggested to me, and they seem to be nothing other than reflections upon the good sense of the Executive, which I certainly shall take pains to resent. The afternoon was devoted to filing away the remnants of my Presidential boom in the unfinished-business pigeon-hole, and constructing a platform which can be relied upon to hold labor, capital and me without danger of a collapse.

J. G. BLAINE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

I passed Labor Day thinking of my country, sympathizing with Ireland, devising a plan which shall enable a man to work four hours a week at double wages; looking forward to that happy time when Prohibition's star shall be in the ascendant, rejoicing in the prosperity of the poor but honest saloon keeper; listening to the delicious strains of the "Bou langer Marche" and "Marseillaise," as rendered by a German band, and reconciling myself to the unalterable fact that I am forever out of politics.

MR. FORAKER.

We do not celebrate Labor Day in Ohio, but I spent it in deep meditation on the wicked, sinful, dastardly shamefulness of the rebellion.

A POOR MAN.

As a member of the Pipe Workers' Union I could not work on Labor Day, and passed it trying to find some one to lend me enough money to buy a dinner for my wife and children. I love a holiday with the same deep affection with which a school-boy clings to his precious hours of leisure, and when I can afford it I take one. But when I cannot afford it, it is a great hardship to be forbidden to work on penalty of a day's pay.

* * *

All of which is submitted as likely to show whether or not Labor Day is a good thing.

LEFT.

I HAD a witty repartee
I'd waited long to say;
Chances I'd had, but not enough
Were 'round to make it pay.
At last, the centre of a group,
As I in talking led it,
The time was come for my remark,
—Another fellow said it! *K. McDowell Rice.*

WE now have a Day as well as a Knight of Labor.



Ex-Pugilist: HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, EH? BEGORRAH, I WOULDN'T MIND TAKIN' A SHAKE OUT OF HIM MYSELF.

I.



Ride to the station! I guess not!

II.



H'm. This satchel is heavier than I thought.

III.



Ha! Had no idea it was so far.

IV.



Phew!!

V.



!!!!!!

OUR NOBLE VISITOR.

HIS GRACE OF MARLBOROUGH is among us once more, after an absence of fifteen years. Candor compels us to state that His Grace is not a very nice man. We suppose he ought to be in states-prison, or some other safe and disagreeable locality, on general grounds as a mischief maker. He has gone to Newport. We are sure he will admire the place—its situation, its natural and acquired beauties, and its almost unequalled facilities for divorce.

A RELIGIOUS contemporary asks, "How shall we get young men to church?"

Well, if the horse-cars are not running, we think a pony phaeton, or a dog-cart with two horses driven tandem, could do it.

"WHAT is that?" said a teacher to an infant pupil pointing to a period.

"That's the top of an *i*," said the child.

AN EXPERT.

MRS. C.: Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MRS. C.: You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MRS. C.: Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too.

HE DIDN'T GET IT.

TRAVELER (to Paper-Boy): Here, gimme a *Century*.

PAPER-BOY: Cut or uncut?

TRAVELER: Do they come both ways?

BOY: Yep.

TRAVELER: Then gimme one with the war articles cut out.

PUNCH is to be printed on foolscap hereafter, for reasons that at once suggest themselves.



ORIENTAL LONGINGS.

OLD NEWGOLD (has been having a summer-house built on his Lake Champlain place, and has been reading up on Turkish architecture, so as not to be imposed on by his architect): You've got the dome and the minnyret and the haremarches all right, Mr. Squares, but I don't see no dervish. Build one 'r them on before I come up again, and put up a covered seraglio leadin' down to the water.—*Puck*.

THREE Frenchmen, who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their native language, endeavored to translate into English the opening to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be."

The following was the result:

FIRST FRENCHMAN: "To was, or to am."

SECOND FRENCHMAN: "To where, or is not."

THIRD FRENCHMAN: "To should, or not to will."—*Christian Register*.

"PATSY, Oi've been insulted. Micky Doolan called me a liar," said an excited Irishman.

"An' phwat are yez goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. Phwat would you do av ye wor me?"

"Well, Dinny, I think 'Oi'd tell the troot' oftener."—*Washington Critic*.

AN Alsatian woman goes to confess. "Father, I have committed a great sin." "Well?" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." "Come, come, courage." "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."—*French Wit*.

COUNTRYMAN (to dentist): I wouldn't pay nothin' extry fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt.

DENTIST: You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.

COUNTRYMAN: Oh, taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.—*Troy Telegram*.

"THE failures in Great Britain during the first six months of the year aggregate 2,913," observed the horse editor.

"Does that include Tennyson's Jubilee Ode?" asked the snake editor.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

WHEN SHE MUSES, LOOK OUT.

"PAPA, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie.

"The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple size cart-wheel hat and a fancy parasol."

"Yes," remarked Willie's mother, musingly, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."—*Washington Critic*.

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

DEASEY: He's wan o' th' finest bur-r-ds iver imported. I'd not tek tin dollars fer him thish minute. Cleary gev me him down on th' dock. It's moultin' he is at prisint, but prishntly he'll kim out thot shparklin', yez'll hev ter shade yure oyes phin ye—

PARROT (breaking in suddenly and with tremendous emphasis): Shoot the pope!!!

DEASEY (promptly): Git th' axe, Honorah!—*Judge*.



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A YOUNG city clerk who felt inclined for a trip to the seaside called upon a friend. "Hal, my dear boy," said he, "I am off for my holiday, and I find I'm a trifle short. Lend me a ten, will you?" Hal, after a pause, which apparently included a mental examination of his financial arrangements: "Well—Phil—to tell you the truth—I do not feel—disposed—at present—to make—any—permanent investments."—*Ledger.*

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N. Y. C. AND H. R. R. R. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was presented to H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, last week. When it comes to trying titles, the railroad American seems to be several laps ahead of royalty.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

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GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable.

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

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are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

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A SIX-YEAR-OLD Chicago boy, whose father is a musician, was very restless the other night and couldn't go to sleep. Finally, as a last resort, he called out: "Papa, please play your cornet; that always makes me tired."—*Ex.*

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whiskey will produce the same effect.—*Chicago News*.

ELDERLY LADY (as cars roll into station): Is this my train?

BAGGAGE-MASTER: If you're one of them as got in on the ground floor in the last stock deal, you may have an interest in it, marm; otherwise it belongs to the railroad.—*Tid-Bits*.

"MY FRIENDS," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the grog shops were at the bottom of the sea what would be the result?" And the answer came, "Lots of people would get drowned!"—*Puck*.

WITH two forms "pied" and in a state of "innocuous desuetude," the editor on the sick list, part of our new material at the bottom of the Red River, and our new press delayed by a bridge accident, we really must apologize for anything unusually dizzy in the appearance of our paper to-day.—*Tyler (Tex.) Tribune*.

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